AGENT X™
MARVEL
AGENT X 1
UDON
LEE
SIMONE
MARVEL PG
DIRECT EDITION
$2.99 US $4.75 CAN

Meet Sandi (formerly Sondra) Brandenberg, recent addition to this upper class neighborhood--
10
--when Sandi was five, she saved her snack time graham crackers to feed a starving dog that lived in the woods behind her Ohio home.
S1
S3
Sttttaaa...
The dog promptly ate her crackers, and bit her hand bloody.
Um...
... Hello?
Hhhhhhhhuuh...
Two days and seven stitches later, her mother found her again trying to feed her scraps to the exact same dog.
Her mother yelled, "Where's your *sense*, Sondra? That's the same dog that bit you before!"
Do you need help or something?
Hunnnnnn...

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PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at 212-576-8561 or rbrown@marvel.com

Story by *Gail Simone*

Art by UDON with *Arnold Tsang, Andrew Hou, Eric Vedder, Omar Dogan & TheRealT!*

UDON Asst. Chief *Rhys Yorke*

UDON Chief *Erik Ko*

Letters by *Dave Sharpe*

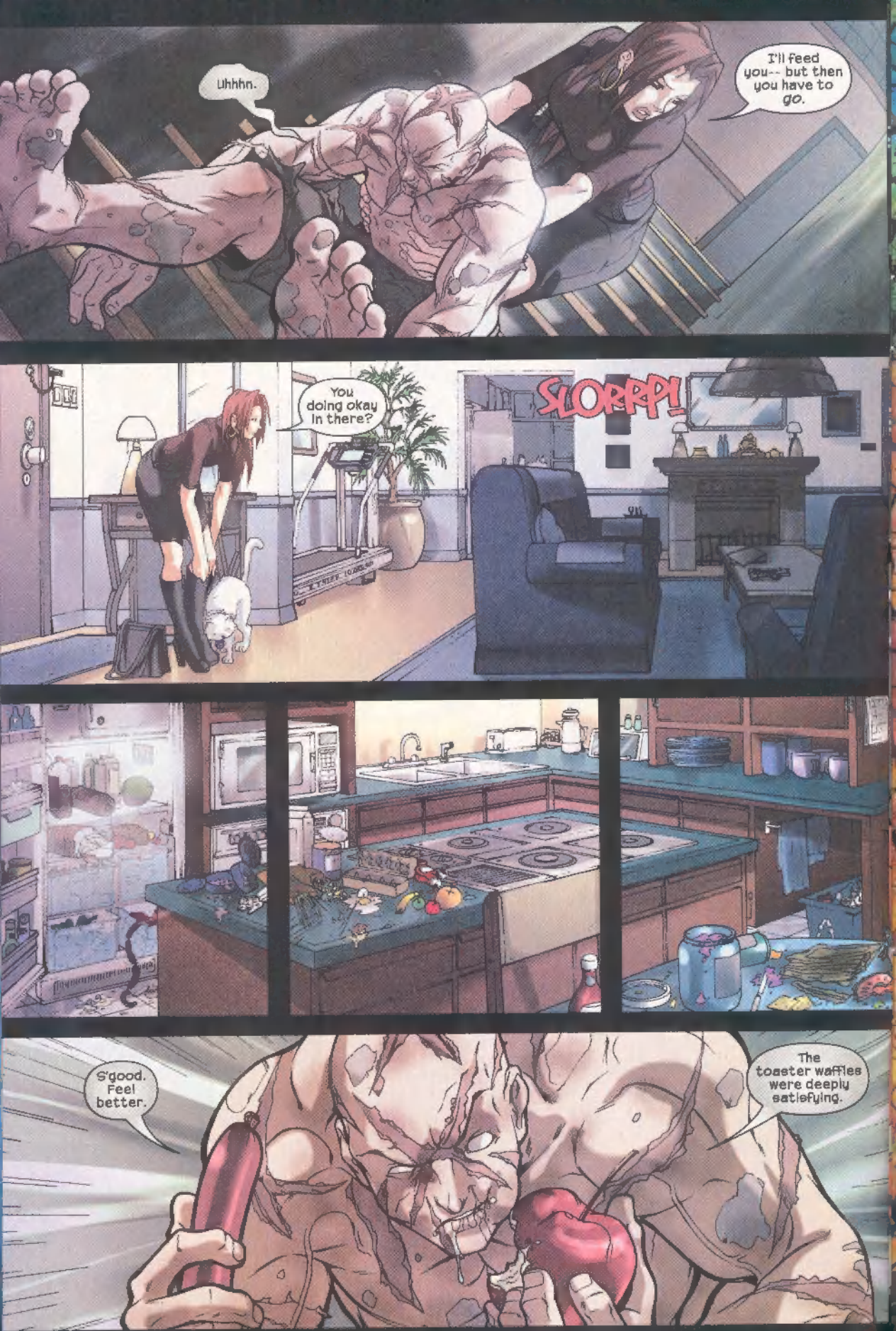
Assisted by *Yoshii & Raicht*

Edited by *Lis & Marts*

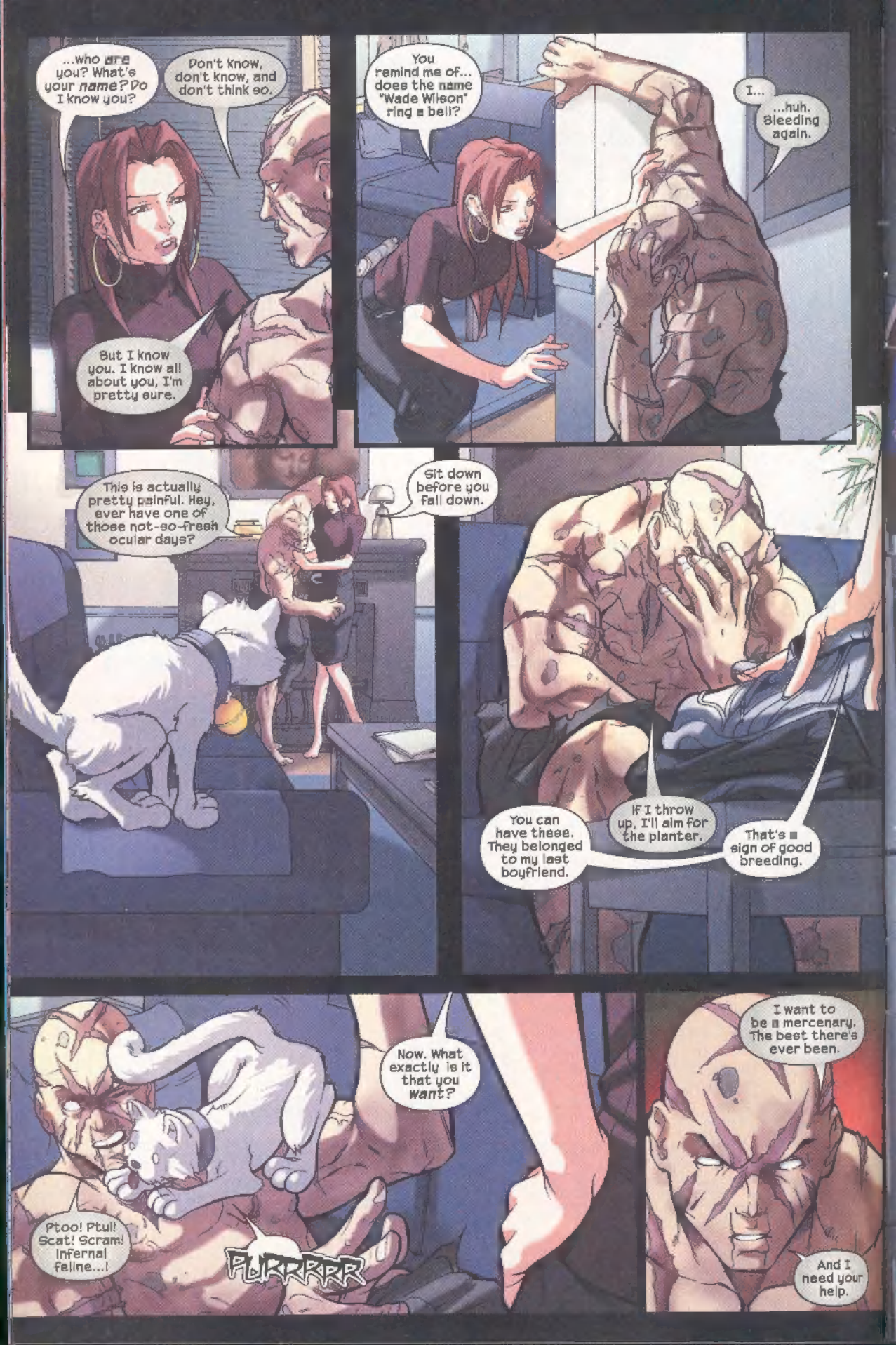
Chief *Joe Quesada*

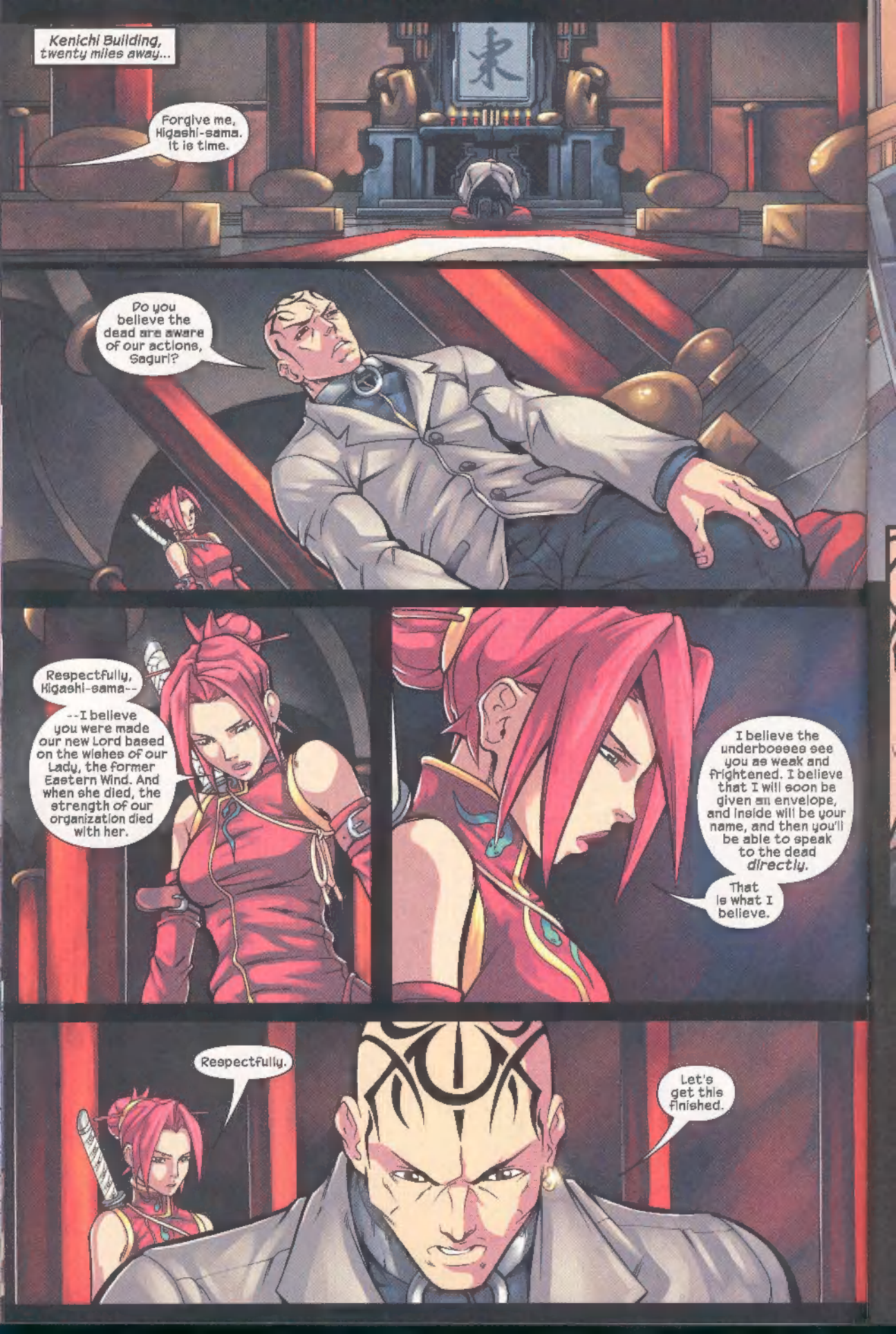
President *Bill Jemas*

I'm hoping she's still got some pity to spare.
oof...!
Dammit.
Ow.
...
sigh


Uhhhn.
I'll feed you-- but then you have to go.
You doing okay in there?
SLORRPP!
S'good. Feel better.
The toaster waffles were deeply satisfying.

Hey, do you happen to have any potato and fennel-crusted Chilean sea bass?
No? Then how about some of those little mini-corndogs with the chili on the inside?
Yeah, some of those mini-corndogs would go down smooth. The chili is already inside. Man, that'd be sweet, some of those.
You're crying blood.
I am?
Pretty neat trick, since I haven't been able to detect my own pulse for ten minutes now.
Uh...I'm sorry about the mess. I'll go now. I don't know what I was thinking coming here.
Wait...
Whoa, *that* ain't right.


...who are you? What's your name? Do I know you?
Don't know, don't know, and don't think so.
But I know you. I know all about you, I'm pretty sure.
You remind me of... does the name "Wade Wilson" ring a bell?
I...
...huh. Bleeding again.
This is actually pretty painful. Hey, ever have one of those not-so-fresh ocular days?
Sit down before you fall down.
You can have these. They belonged to my last boyfriend.
If I throw up, I'll aim for the planter.
That's a sign of good breeding.
Ptoo! Ptui! Scat! Scram! Infernal feline...!
PLRRRRR
Now. What exactly is it that you want?
I want to be a mercenary. The best there's ever been.
And I need your help.


Kenichi Building, twenty miles away...
Forgive me, Higashi-sama. It is time.
Do you believe the dead are aware of our actions, Saguri?
Respectfully, Higashi-sama--
--I believe you were made our new Lord based on the wishes of our Lady, the former Eastern Wind. And when she died, the strength of our organization died with her.
I believe the underbosses see you as weak and frightened. I believe that I will soon be given an envelope, and inside will be your name, and then you'll be able to speak to the dead directly.
That is what I believe.
Respectfully.
Let's get this finished.

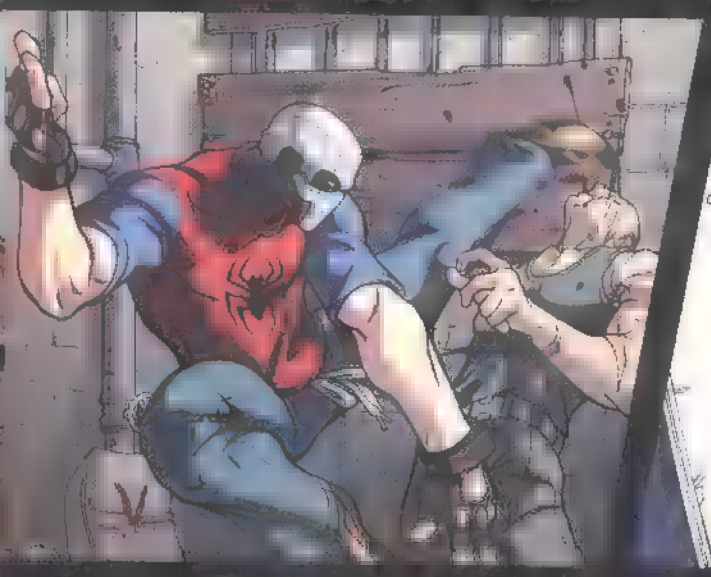
Honored gentlemen, I'm sorry I'm late...
...never apologize. These men are your vassals, Higashi-sama.
I would like to hear the status reports, please. Sonoda-san, will you begin?
We have had some...minor resistance to our generous offers to the landowners at our river development. We can handle it.
"Resistance?" Should I...
I said we could handle it. I'm certain you have more pressing matters. Of some kind.
Thirty minutes later...
If that is all, then let us close our meeting. I thank you for coming.

Weak-minded, overmuscled fool...
...taking orders from a degraded child.
Not forever. Patience.
The underbosses do not fear you. The families are a step away from open rebellion.
I could break them in two-- I could crush any one of them!
The men only respect a ruthless lord, Higashi-sama.
You had best crush something--
"--and soon."
PURRRR PURRRR
Sandi's sofa is nice. Hate her stupid cat the most, though.
KLAK
KIKT
What the hell was that?
MROOOWR!

Stupid happy fluffy cat! Don't you have something disgusting you should be licking?
PURRRRRRR
Intruder alert--
THAP!
MRROWWWR!
Uh-oh. Who's this slice of ugly?
Maybe he's the world's oddest Jehovah's Witness?

You better pray you didn't do anything to Sandi, mister!
I should warn you that I'm weak and feeble right now, so back off or I can't guarantee I won't puke!
Task-maester, Don't!
That's my new partner. He's a merc.
He's just a little confused right now. Okay, a lot confused.
Well, probably more confused by of your image inducer.
Taskmaster, this is...well, we're calling him Alex.
SHUK!!
Don't call me stupid, Tony.
Kaff Alex Hayden, charmed, for real, dude.
Sandi, don't be stupid. This guy's a merc? How come I never heard of him? And why do you insist on bringing in strays?
See? He can take it.
He's going to be a merc, and I are going to help him.
"We?"
Hey, I'm not gonna pretend it doesn't sting a little...

The next day...
I really appreciate you helping me like this.
Uh--you're not just going to kill [redacted] and dump my body out here, are you? That'd be rude.
Is this where you keep your gym? Looks like a dump.
Hey, I had this great idea for my merc gimmick. What about if, at the end of every sentence, I add "amundo?"
Like, "Take that-amundo, pus-bag"... or "Where's [redacted] cash-amundo, butt-face?"
For Sandi's sake, I agreed to train you, 'Hayden,' not to listen to you. So shut up.
You say you've got a healing factor, so I'm not pulling any punches here.
Each of these shirts represents [redacted] person's fighting style. When I put [redacted] on, you [redacted] consider me that person and respond accordingly.
Coolamundo. This'll be fu...
KRUNCH
UUUNNNNNN!
Captain America, for example.
Oww, dabbit!
By doge-abundo!



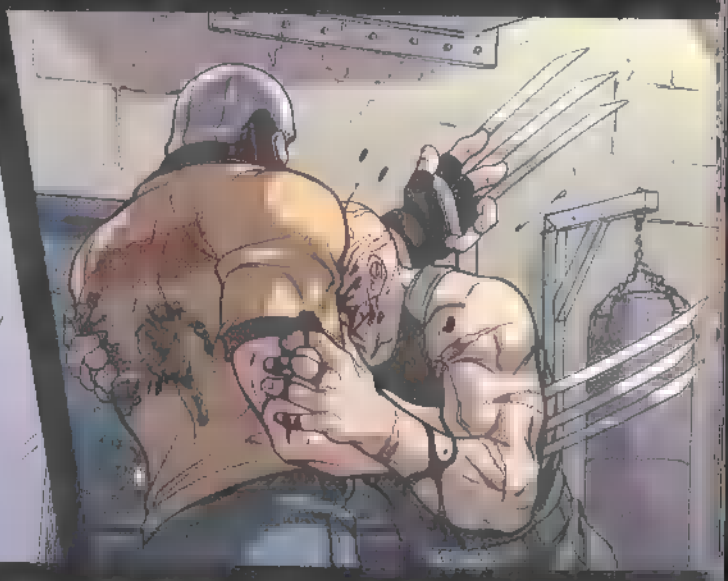
TRAINING: DAY ONE

SANDI SUGGESTS KEEPING TRAINING JOURNAL--CLARIFY THOUGHTS. FEEL CONFIDENT THIS IS GOING TO WORK. TASKMASTER HAS INCREDIBLE ABILITY; IF HE SEES ANYONE DO SOMETHING, NO MATTER HOW COMPLICATED, CAN DUPLICATE IT EXACTLY. CALLS IT "PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLEXES." SO, IN A WAY, LIKE BEING TRAINED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, SPIDER-MAN, MANY OTHERS. CAN'T PAY FOR THIS KIND OF EXPERIENCE. HAS GREAT SCHEDULE, WHERE TM BEATS ME UP FOR HALF AN HOUR AS DIFFERENT PERSON EACH TIME, AND BEST PART IS, AFTER EACH SESSION, GET FULL HOUR TO HEAL! AM SURE WILL GET TO HIT BACK AT SOME POINT.

TRAINING: DAY TWO

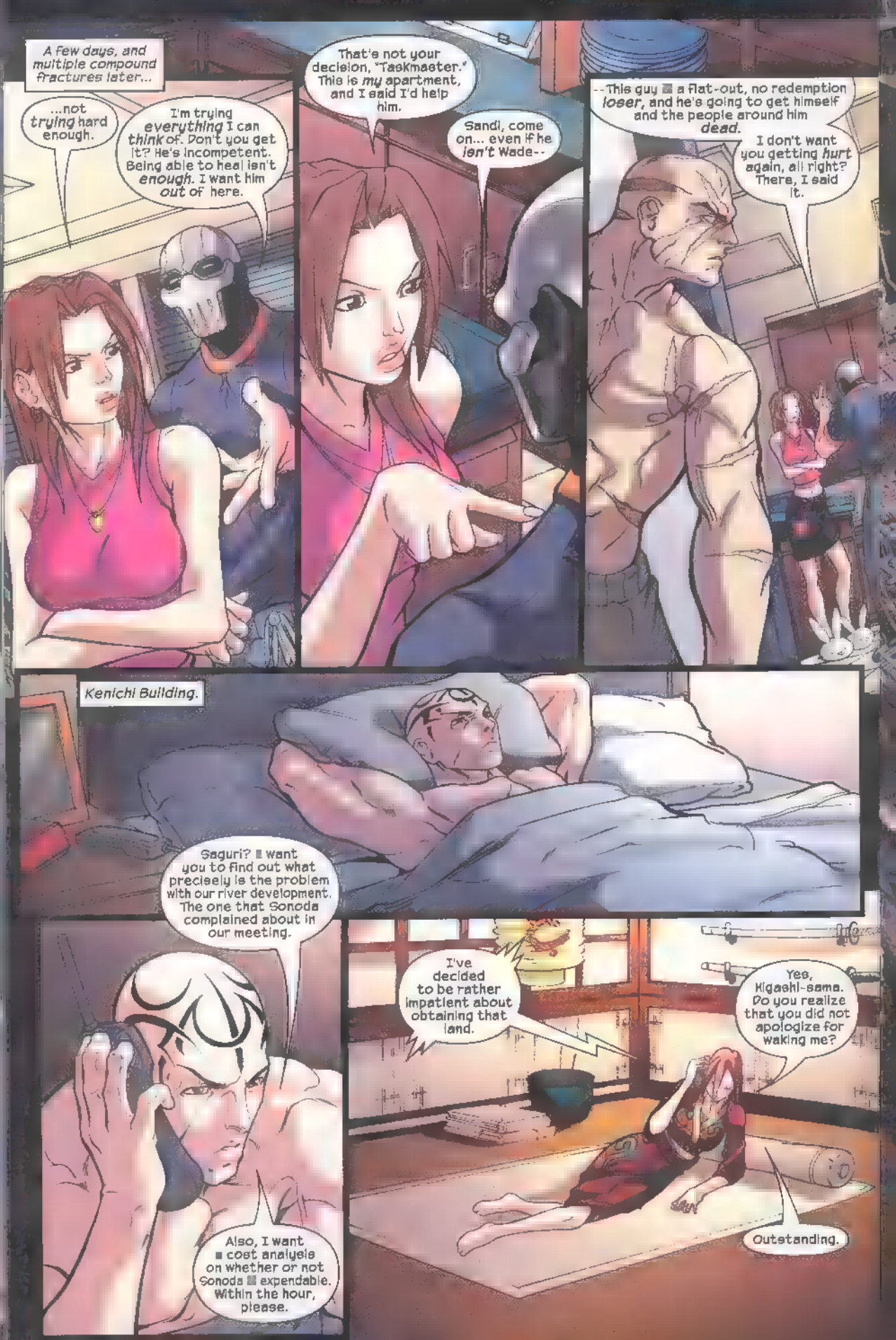
HA HA HA! OUTSMARTED TASKMASTER TODAY! HA HA HA! WAS HURTING ME VERY BADLY AS WOLVERINE. HOUR OF HEALING TOTALLY INSUFFICIENT! TASKMASTER UNCONCERNED WITH MULTIPLE GRIEVOUS WOUNDS INFLICTED ON ME. SO, CAME UP WITH CUNNING PLAN-AMUNDO! BLED PROFUSELY ON WOLVERINE SHIRT, SO TM DOESN'T WEAR AGAIN! HA HA HA! SCORE ONE, ME! SORRY, JOURNAL, BLEEDING ON YOU ALSO.

NOTE: BRING MORE BANDAGES TOMORROW!



TRAINING: DAY THREE

BEGINNING TO SUSPECT TM DOESN'T LIKE ME. CAN'T FIND FOOT. BEGINNING TO HATE TM.


A few days, and multiple compound fractures later...
...not trying hard enough.
I'm trying everything I can think of. Don't you get it? He's incompetent. Being able to heal isn't enough. I want him out of here.
That's not your decision, "Taskmaster." This is my apartment, and I said I'd help him.
Sandi, come on... even if he isn't Wade--
--This guy's a flat-out, no redemption loser, and he's going to get himself and the people around him dead.
I don't want you getting hurt again, all right? There, I said it.
Kenichi Building.
Saguri? I want you to find out what precisely is the problem with our river development. The one that Sonoda complained about in our meeting.
Also, I want a cost analysis on whether or not Sonoda's expendable. Within the hour, please.
I've decided to be rather impatient about obtaining that land.
Yes, Higashi-sama. Do you realize that you did not apologize for waking me?
Outstanding.

TRAINING DAY FOUR. SANDI SUGGESTS BRINGING IN OTHER TRAINERS SINCE TM OBVIOUSLY LOSING PATIENCE. OUTLAW (NOTE: DO NOT CALL HER CRAZY INEZ. DESPITE THIS ASSERTION SHE LIKES IT.) OW! EARS STILL RINGING. VERY GOOD W./ GUNS, DOESN'T STAB ME ALSO. EYE-GOUGING. NONE. FOOT GREW BACK. TOO/ WAY TO GO FOOT!
...both eyes open, and remember to re-sight quickly after every...
CONFIDENTIAL/ LIKE OUTLAW MUCH BETTER THAN INCREASINGLY CRABBY TM.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
...shot.
Well, I'd say this settles it. This boy ain't Wade Wilson, or Deadpool, or whatever he was called.
Why not?
Wilson never shot this good-- Not at that distance. This'un's ambidextrous, too. Wade was a li'l better with his right.
I reckon with a gun in his hand, this boy's right *dangerous*.
Maybe you'd best quit pissin' him off before *he* realizes it.
TASK MASTER
DIE DIE DIE
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
Ka-pow, ka-pow! Ha ha!
HEY. FIRST TRAINING SESSION NOT FOLLOWED BY EXTENSIVE HEALING PROCESS/ OUTLAW TRAINING METHOD FAR SUPERIOR!!!

Hinton Fields Cemetery.
Sandi's always looking at me out of the corner of her eye. I know she expects something from me... but I have no idea *what*. Taskmaster just looks at me like I'm a live grenade and he can't find the *pin*. Sick of him *and* his constant stabbing!!!
Got it. Let's go.
She's trying to help me figure out my past. I know she means well.
I checked around. No one's heard of him. No one's seen any sign of *Wade*, either, not since he got blown up in Germany. I think this guy *is* Wade, and he's playing us for saps.
I'm not going back to dancing, Tony. I *liked* running a business. And with a little help, Alex will be great at it. I know it.
But she's glossing over a very important fact.
He's like a pet to you, right? A three-legged mutt you feed and buy a shiny collar for...
...Any of this look familiar, Alex? Are you remembering *anything*?
--I don't *want* to know my past.
Do these mean anything to you?
I *like* not knowing.
And nothing she shows changes that.
WADE WILSON
Nope. Sorry.
WADE WILSON, AGAIN
It's very *liberating* to not be anybody.

Kenichi Building
Gentlemen, please sit. I will tell you when you may speak.
As a token of my appreciation for your loyalty in this dark time, I have given each of you a gift-- something that belonged to our sadly departed associate, Sonoda-san.
I insist that you take my gifts to your homes and display them where they will cause you to reflect [illegible] our truet in [illegible]h other.
Wei-san. You will oversee Sonoda's territory. In particular, I wish to [illegible] immediate movement in our efforts to evict the current tenants, so that [illegible] may proceed with our river development plans.
H...h... hai, Higashi-sama!
Convince them of our will in this matter. There will be no further warnings.
[illegible] have been adrift since the death of our Lady. The time for grief is over. There [illegible] profits to be had, acquisitions to be made and enemies to bury.
The Four Winds [illegible] returning, gentlemen.
Do not disappoint me.

TRAINING DAY FIVE. I'M EXTRA CRABBY TODAY
BROUGHT EXTRA BANDAGES, HID ELEKTRA T-SHIRT AS SAFETY PRECAUTION
...huh... huh... huccc...
... had enough?
I want you to leave, 'Hayden.' I want you out of Sandi's life.
I don't believe this 'amnesia' crap. Wilson's pulled that ■ before. You got everyone else snowed.
But not me.
Your choice, guy. Either you leave, or I shoot you and tell Sandi ■ was a training accident.
I'm...not... Wilson.
All the more reason to shoot you. I liked Wilson okay. You, I don't give ■...
Enough.
shuaackkkk!

Do you know I find your arrog[redacted] tedious, Mr. Taskmaster."
How would it be if I shot *you* and told Sandi it was an accident?
But that would be impolite, which is unacceptable among gentlemen, don't you find?
...im... possible.
huk...ch... ackk.
Excuse me?
I should be able to do that move you just did. That's my *gift*. But I can't. I can't feel how.
It's like I can't read you at *all*. That's impossible.
Give me back my gun, Hayden.
Really? Huh.
I don't even know what I *did*.
NOTE: TM EXTREMELY CRABBY FOR REST OF SESSION. PAIN, BLOOD, SNAPPING, POPPING, RIPPING. TM BECOMING REAL ASS PAIN, HAS MANY ISSUES AND REAL BIG STABBING PROBLEM.
RESOLVE NOT TO HUMILIATE TM, ALSO, GET OWN GUNS, JUST IN CASE

JOB-HUNTING: DAY ONE
SO FIGHTING SKILLS A BIT RUSTY STILL FEEL READY TO START WORK. SHOULD WISH LUCK TO SELF, SELF, GOOD LUCK!!!
How's that feel in the back?
Good. Roomy.
I'd say you've been upgraded from ■ double bagger to just ■ single.
You sure you're up to this already?
I gotta start lining up ■■■■ paying work. Can't sleep ■■ your couch forever-- I think your cat is developing a Fatal Attraction.
He looks like ■ crash test dummy on a hot date.
"Don't listen to him, Alex. You ■■■ do this. Just go where people look the most desperate-- sooner or later you'll find a client."
I can do this. I can do this.
Forty minutes later...
HA HA HA HA HA!
What ■■■ you, nute? Don't show your face here no more, freakshow.
You never feel truly humiliated until ■ bar full of sleazy drunken sots think you're a joke.
Enough!

I've been to ten bars, and the only job offers I've gotten so far were from drunk tourists who were *way* too lonely. Time for a change in tactics, citizens. Look out. Wake up. I'm through playin'.
ALL RIGHT, LISTEN UP. I'M THE BADDEST ASS IN THIS CITY, AND I'M OFFERING AN INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL ON ANYTHING FROM SIMPLE ASSAULT TO MULTIPLE BEHEADINGS.
Somebody here must have something *bad* they want done *good*.
HAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHA
HA
No?
So it's that way. Fine.
KRICK SNAT KRAAACK POP
Hurm.
Anyone think I'm funny *now*?
This better work or I'm giving up my sex life for *nothing*.
Brother, you could be the answer to my prayers. Paul Steinen...listen, my situation is a bit... uh...*unlawful*-like.
My *God*. Your *hair*. Your *hair*.
Well, thanks, stranger. I got a gal cute it just right. But let's get to business, hey?
Good *Lord*! *choke!*
Man, that mullet is gonna *haunt* my *dreams*.

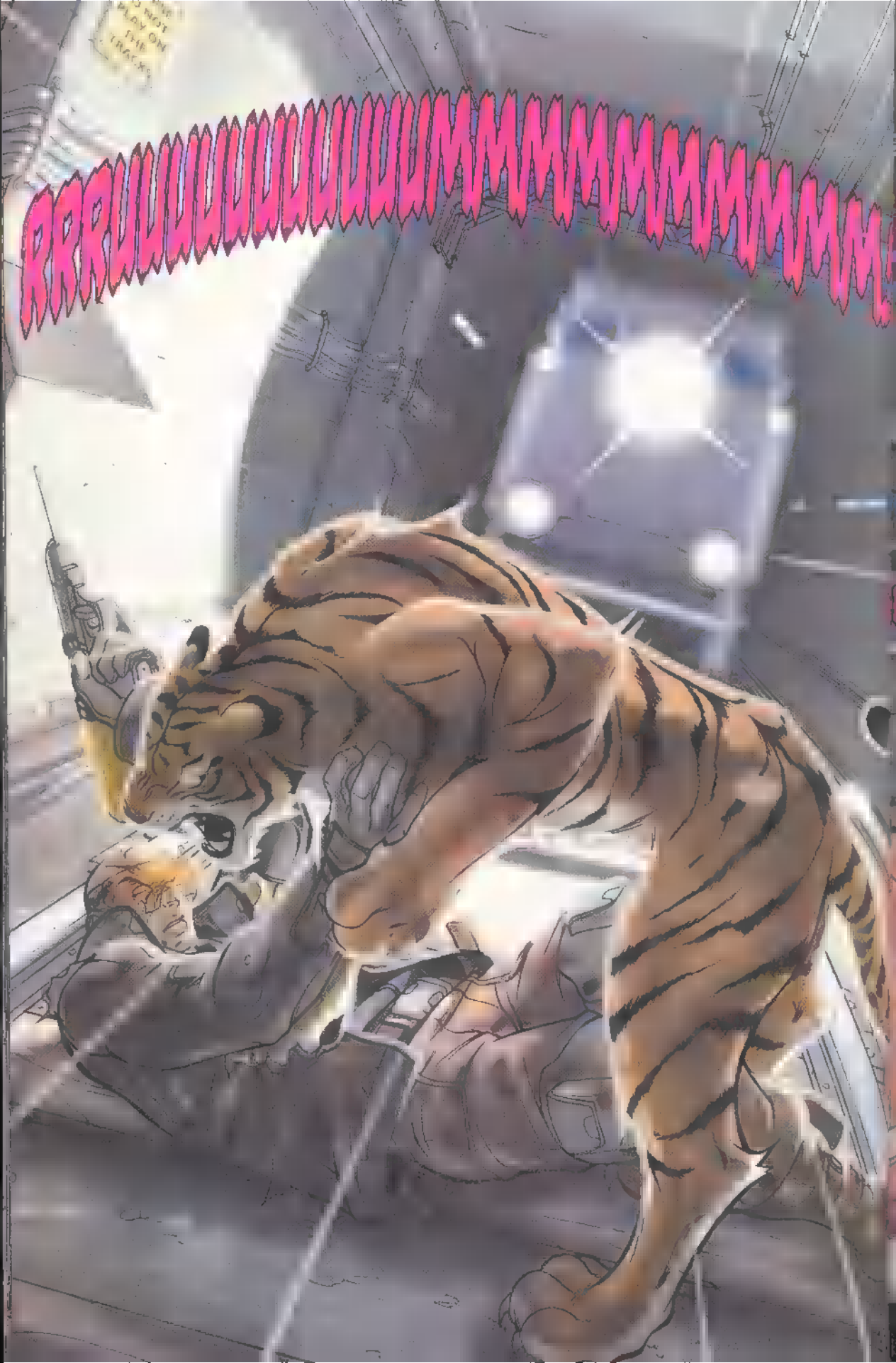
AGENCY X
Jobs Done, Questions None
Agent Available 24 Hours
309
That's a nice business card there, Mister. Gives a man confidence, is what.
See, I got this place, Alpine Park? Little bitty theme park by the river. Frankly, it's kind of an eyesore... the whole neighborhood's dyin', truth to tell.
These bad guys--they're buyin' up everything. Forced most everybody out. Truthfully, I was gonna give up 'til you come in here just now.
I'm just hypnotized. I'm mullet-struck. Good God, have they no *hats* for sale in this town?
Hey, you ever do any freakin'? I mean, no offense, but didn't I see you workin' as a geek down in Kansas City? No offense...
None taken. What is it you want me to do?
"Well, see, these guys... they scared off my employees. When I didn't sell, they let all my *show animals* loose."
Start at the bottom. That's how you build a career.
"But don't worry! I got trang guns, nets...whatever you need."
Why not just call Animal Control?
"And go to prison for negligence? No thanks. These developers... they *everybody*. The police, judges... you it!"
Here, monkey, monkey...

Well, then why not take care of this yourself?
"Uh, nossir, I'm scared of those beasts."
Hey, Cheetah. Wanna go home? Home? Bananas, naughty movies on Animal Planet, [redacted]ll the poop you can throw?
"What you need to do is retrieve the animals, real quiet-like, bef[redacted] they kill somebody. But listen--*stay away* from them developers. I ain't lying, they'll kill you *over* good."
Lessee. Can't trang him up here...
...a doped-up orangutan landing on a passerby would probably get me fired...
... heh. A monkey junkie, Funky.
Okay...look, I'm *putting* my gun down. I'm *coming over there* slowly. *Don't be nervous.*
Beautiful. I'm shouting at the monkey. Like *that* helps.
Uh-oh.
Ack! What'd I step in?
CRAP-AMUNDO!!!

Four disgusting hours later...
~snork...~ zzzzzzzz.
BAM BAM BAM
Hey, Mister, how's it g--
You shut up.
Here's your stupid *poodles* on *tricycles*. Here's your stupid *falcon*. Here's your stupid trained *pig*.
And here, out *here*--

--is your stupid, stinking, disgusting monkey!
SIT!
Okay, okay, you got job dissatisfaction, I can see that.
But I got a line on these last couple animals. You'll like these much better, I promise! But you'd better hurry--dawn's coming.
"Just remember... she don't like loud noises. Oh, and she don't like people much, neither."
This is like every movie where the chatty idiot gets eaten in the tunnel. Good thing I'm the smart leading

RRRRRRRR
Okay, okay. There you are, baby. It's okay.
You know, my friend Sandi has this cat you could eat. He's just a pathetic little thing. I'd never tell.
Damn. She's over the third rail.
Come on, baby. You don't belong here. Just... watch your step, okay?
I have a no-pouncing policy I hope you'll honor.
Actually, if I don't die, this is pretty cool.
Ack! That light!
The morning train. For the love of...
RRRUUUMM
RRRUUUUUMMMM
I can see the headlines now:
Merc Eaten By Tiger. Should Have Realized Mullet Was Bad Omen.


RRRUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMM!

RRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMM!
THE LINE

RRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMM!
THE LINE
PLUPPP

RRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMM!
"Okay, Mister! Great job! Now we only got one little problem left..."
Uh uh uh...

Your elephant is in the river.
Yeah, poor thing. And she don't have the sense to get out. You gotta help her before she goes down for good, X. Then, you get your generous payday.

What the hell, right?
If this works, it gives me a great idea.

Main entrance, Kenichi Building...
I wonder if I might make an appointment!
I'm from the Riverfront Preservation Squad, and this is our elephant, Gretel.
We're not a couple. We're just good friends.
Never mind. I can see you're busy. Just tell your boss to leave Alpine Park alone...
-- Or I'll be back with the poodles.

...doesn't *matter* what the bounty is. I'm not messing with that guy. It ain't worth it.
No, it's okay. I appreciate the offer.
Never *again*. I don't care if I'm *starving*. No more *animal* jobs.
I *stink* in *five species*!
But I *did* it. I proved I could, Mr. Tough- Guy. So I'm not taking any more *crap* from *you*. Are we *clear*?
As crystal, Circus Boy.
Alex, this isn't a check...
... it's the deed to a theme park.
AAAAUGH!
Listen, I have this friend...he'd be *perfect* for this job. Yeah, he's a real *professional*.
NEXT ISSUE
THE PUNISHER VS. AGENT X

AGENT X

Real name: Alex Hayden
Height: 6′
Weight: 215 lbs.
Eye color: Brown
Hair color: None
Powers/Weapons:

- Superhuman healing factor
- Above-average strength, speed and dexterity
- Proficient in the use of virtually any weapon, but especially good with a firearm. Any firearm.

He knows nothing of his past ... and he doesn't care. Taking the name Alex Hayden, the man now called Agent X literally stumbled into the life of receptionist Sandi Brandenberg, who took him in because of his resemblance to an old friend and her fondness for hard-luck cases.

Appearing to have been grievously wounded, with the letter "X" carved into both his skull and face, Hayden arrived as a blank slate. As far as he knew, he had come into existence only moments before he found Sandi. While Hayden recalled nothing of his previous life, he did know one thing: With burning conviction, he wanted to become the world's best mercenary.

Sandi took compassion on Hayden and appealed to her boyfriend — the Taskmaster, a world-renowned mercenary — to train him. Taskmaster believed Hayden was merely an old colleague pretending to be stricken with amnesia, but his theory was refuted when Hayden denied under great duress approaching torture that he knew anything about his past.

The Taskmaster's training worked in ways neither Hayden nor his teacher had expected. The instruction awakened some innate ability, and Hayden's skills grew exponentially with experience — even more so during times of stress. Taskmaster grows increasingly jealous of Sandi's attachment to a man he considered a castoff, so watch out, Alex!

Together, Hayden and Brandenberg formed Agency X, a no-questions-asked mercenary service. Armed with any number of weapons, but especially proficient with handguns, a non-stop mouth and a bizarre sense of humor, Agent X seeks to make a name for himself as a soldier-for-hire.

Refusing to pause for even a moment of self-reflection, Hayden's singular ambition drives him ever onward. To what end, though, Hayden himself may never know. His total being is focused only on acquiring the skills he needs to be the best mercenary the world has ever seen. So far, he's succeeding. Agent X is very good at doing very bad things.

clip-and-save for your records!